ONE WORLD UNDER DOOM

MARVEL 2 LGY#728

THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMIC MAGAZINE!

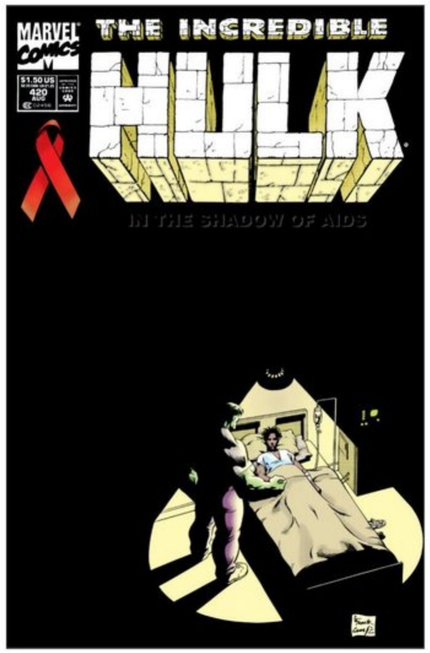
Fantastic Four

NORTH
RAMOS
OLAZABA
DELGADO

RATED T

"The only meaningful power is the power we have to help each other. And no power is greater than love, Rick. It's very cornball. It's also true."

— **Peter David** in *Incredible Hulk #467*



MARVEL
THE ALL NEW, ALL D
PETER PARKER, THE SPECT
SPIDER-M
SOMEONE HAS KILLED A WOMAN WHO MEANT A LOT TO ME!
ALL RIGHT, MISTER, YOU GOT HER...
...NOW I'M GETTING YOU!
IN THIS ISSUE:
SPIDEY CUTS LOOSE!

"Peter's Hulk was a green beacon at the point when I was breaking into comics. It seemed to be the one book at Marvel without an 'X' on it that really got fans excited. When I came aboard, I couldn't believe how welcoming and generous Peter was to a young artist with no real track record, and the humanity in his characters became a template for the kind of books I would always want to make.

"Even today, thirty years later, the majority of fans I meet open with, 'I loved that Peter David run on Hulk.' Special books. Special writer."

— **Gary Frank**

"Peter was always thinking around corners. Whenever he got a new assignment, his approach would be, 'Okay, what does everyone expect from this series? Great, let's do something else.' And he'd show you a different angle, a different approach, that would suddenly illuminate the characters in a whole new way. He wasn't an 'Everything you know is wrong' guy, but he was definitely an 'Okay, what else?' guy. And it worked—for him, for the books, for his legion of readers. He'd give you something no one else could."

— **Kurt Busiek**

PETER DAVID

1956-2025

Marvel is saddened by the passing of Peter David, an incredible writer whose talents affected every part of the comics world and beyond.

David's twelve-year run on *Incredible Hulk* was remarkable not only for its length, but also for the depth of ideas, innovations and clever writing. His influence on the character has extended through the years and from page to screen.

He created Spider-Man 2099, one of the first multiversal Spider-Men, and wrote three smart, charming and character-focused *X-Factor* runs. He brought his talents to the rest of the comics industry, including DC's *Young Justice*, *Aquaman* and *Supergirl*. He has written many shelves' full of novels, from his own *Sir Apropos of Nothing* to many ground-breaking Star Trek novels. His column for the *Comics Buyer's Guide*, "But I Digress," gave insights into the comic book industry for more than a decade.

On television, he was the co-creator of *Space Cases* and wrote episodes of *Babylon 5*. He also wrote the films *Oblivion* (1994) and two entries in the *Trancers* series. He has won numerous awards, including an Eisner, an Inkpot, a *Wizard* Fan Award and a GLAAD Media Award.

He is survived by his wife Kathleen and his children Shana, Gwen, Ariel and Caroline.

PHOTO BY KATHLEEN O'SHEA DAVID

JOHNNY STORM
HUMAN TORCH

BEN GRIMM
THE THING

SUSAN RICHARDS
INVISIBLE WOMAN

REED RICHARDS
MISTER FANTASTIC

Fantastic Four

The **Fantastic Four** are lost in time. **Doctor Doom**, current Sorcerer Supreme and Emperor of Earth, used his mystical powers to scatter the fantastic family to different points in history. **Reed Richards**, **Ben Grimm**, and **Johnny Storm** were sent to the past, and **Sue Storm** was flung to the far future.

The family had a single safeguard that could bring them back together: the **Forever Stone**, which exists in the same place in every era. But while Reed, Ben, and Johnny were able to locate the stone in their times, for Sue, the Stone is nowhere to be found...

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FANTASTIC FOUR CREATED BY STAN LEE & JACK KIRBY

We put a locator inside the longest-lasting rock on the planet: *the Forever Stone.*

But it's not sending the tracking signal it's supposed to.

It's low power: enough to be hidden unless you knew what exactly you were looking for...

...but even Reed's transmitters don't last *forever.*

I'm lucky--Earth still has some atmosphere left. I can *breathe.*

But without water, I'll be dead in days.

And I can't stay invisible forever.

FEBRUARY 26, 7,801,020,245 CE.

I find a cave on this dead world. If it's deep enough, dark enough, it might offer some relief from the heat.

Relief from having to keep myself invisible enough to not be *cooked alive.*

As I go deeper, it gets darker--until soon, it's too dark to *see.*

So I bend light again--this time, around all the corners of this cave...

...to bring daylight here, to its depths.

And then I find it...

...water.

This must've been an icy cave once, with a frigid lake--possibly *frozen*. And as Earth has warmed up, it evaporated a little bit every year, more and more.

This is all that's left, and it's barely more than a *puddle*.

I bend the light I've brought here again--as the lenses in a *microscope* would.

I move them until things snap into focus and discover I'm not alone.

This is the *last life* on *Earth*.

Having once supported life that reached the evolutionary heights of dogs and cats and whales and dinosaurs and human beings--pioneers who once voyaged into space...

...the last survivors of our planet are *simple bacteria.*

Single celled and alone, they resemble more than anything else the microorganisms that ***first*** evolved here, billions of years ago. Life has come full circle.

And when they die, theirs will be the very last ***deaths*** on Earth.

I leave the water alone: It feels wrong to drink it. The bacteria made it this far, and I won't be the one that kills them.

It wouldn't change much anyway.

Unless I can think of something soon...

...the rest of my life can be measured in ***hours.***

JUNE 6, 1266 CE.

Audio log, supplemental. Sue should be here by now, but isn't. The question before me is: *why?*

My first answer, the obvious one: Sue Storm isn't here--because Sue Storm is dead.

I dismiss it. It is a solution that offers no way forward: a logical *dead end.*

What are the other possibilities? Why hasn't she *found* us?

...Because she can't.

She can't locate the Forever Stone.

The stone itself is functionally eternal, in Earth terms, but my tracker inside it--it's *conceivable* it could fail.

And if it had...

It's a hypothesis. A *possibility.* It is, as Ben would say, "the thinnest shred 'a *hope.*"

And so there *is* something else I can do, even if it takes me the rest of my life...

4 The first part is easy: I forge the machinery I need, hidden from sight.

Modern steel comes to Earth hundreds of years ahead of schedule, but nobody will ever *find* it.

It works as anticipated and produces the raw material I need.

The subsequent step involves *projective calculations*. It's... *significantly* more complex.

But the step that follows next is harder still.

It's really very hard.

But "really very hard" is still really very *possible*.

It takes all that I have...

...but I'm *more* than happy to give it.

Think, Sue. You're not alone. Reed will be ***expecting*** you.

So when you don't show up...

...he's going to try to ***help*** you get there.

Right. You don't marry someone without knowing how they *think*, Susan.

So what's he ***doing?***

How does Reed Richards help someone stranded untold ***billions*** of years in his future?

It's simple, darling.

You move heaven and earth.

Heaven and earth.

SWOOOSH!

I raise myself into the sky--as far as I can go and still *breathe*.

I summon all my strength, reaching for reserves of power I'm not sure I've even *touched* before--knowing if this fails, they'll be useless anyway.

I reach out across my dying world. I bend light...

...and beneath me, I turn *forty vertical miles of rock*-- all of Earth's crust-- *invisible.*

Reed. You wonderful, *fantastic* man.

Far beneath the surface lie artificial ***diamonds,*** hidden just above the mantle deep within geologically stable areas of Earth's crust. They would ***last.*** They wouldn't ***melt.***

Some would move, but with enough ***redundancy,*** their information would still be ***recoverable.***

He would've had to extend himself deeper than any mine, any borehole, deeper than any living being has ever been--for ***every single diamond.***

It would've been a ***lifetime*** of work, an ***incredible*** labor of love in whatever era he was trapped in. But he ***did*** it.

He ensured, no matter where I was in the future...

...that I'd always be able to find my way back home.

KOOOOOM!

Johnny. Ben. Reed. They all lasted long enough to reach the stone, letting me know where--and ***when***--to pick them up.

KR

AKK

And with their dates memorized, I now have all I need to ***end*** this--once and for all.

The *Time-Sled* was one of Reed's early inventions. We realized that if we ever became *stranded in time,* being able to *summon* one, no matter *when* we were, would be *invaluable.*

So Reed stored one in a *temporal pocket...*

...then hid this single-use *recall button* within the Forever Stone.

It needs *power,* but it's designed such that anyone who controls *force-fields*--or *fire or super-strength or flexibility...*

...can find a way to *charge* it.

CZZZRK

CHAKABOOOOM!

ROSEBUD-1

The others could've opened the rock and saved themselves, but they knew it'd mean that those *ahead* of them in time would be lost.

So each of them--*all* of them--held off.

Lost in the huge expanse of history, my brother, my husband and his best friend all *trusted* me with their *lives.*

CHAKABOOOOM!

And now, I get to show them this trust wasn't *misplaced.*

Sue! But-- I've only just *formed* my plan, I haven't yet *instantiated* it! How did you...?

We'll help you place the diamonds when this is over. C'mon.

We've got a *Doom* to stop.

You're magnificent.

You're not so bad yourself, Mister.

AUGUST 30, 521,010,824 BCE.

Are you a hallucination? And if not, can we go to an era with oxygen soon because I'm pretty sure I'm deprived?

No and yes, respectively.

Thanks, Sis.

Ben! I went *back in time* to when there was no oxygen and almost *suffocated!*

Good on ya! I got ta fight, I wanna say, Mapusauruses?

Aww! Lucky.

SEPTEMBER 21, 92,457,121 BCE.

Everyone ready?

Ta go reintroduce ourselves ta *Doom?* Yep. Set the coordinates, Big Brain...

...and howzabout we four go *ruin his day?*

CHAKABOOOOM!

92 MILLION YEARS LATER:

--Then in his grace, and in his mercy--

RRARGH!

MMMMRGH!

ARRGH!

RRRRRARGH!

--Doom will end them for you.

Not bad, Vic.

But we can do better than that.

No! *Impossible!*

Just like that-- we *rewrite* our own *future*.

Just like that-- our planet is saved from *Doom*.

Die, damn you!

It's *perfect*. It feels *right*.

Can't help ya with *that*, Vic, but howzabout I *clobber ya* instead?

SMAK!

CRASHHH

RARRGH!

But then the *impossible* happens...

WOOOSH!

But-- *how?* That *Time Sled*, I've never *seen* it--

I hid it in a pocket of time, Victor, for *just such* an eventuality.

And I ensured that no matter *which* era we were lost in, we could always *summon* it, always find our way *home*.

...R-Richards...

...and my *whole world* falls apart.

You never *could* resist an opportunity to show off.

Every time--*every time,* Richards--you tell me *exactly* what you did.

You're so *consistent,* so *eager* to ensure everyone knows how desperately *clever* you are.

Doom, what have you--?

Calm yourself, Doctor.

I've explained this to you before so many times, so I *know* what you need to hear. Your "Human Torch" calls them "save states."

Sorcerer Supreme *time magic,* Richards, enhanced by my own *scientific genius.* It really is *remarkable.* I *reset* the entire *universe* to an earlier moment--but only *Doom* keeps his memories.

And then I *prevent* you from *succeeding.* I have such a save state set for before you attacked me.

But if that's true, then yer *usin' us*--against *ourselves?!*

Great Scott. We defeat you, discover some *weakness,* some *flaw* in your plan--

--and you *reset time,* to *ensure* those efforts *fail.*

Every move we make--

--tells you *precisely* how to *defeat* us next time.

Yes, Richards. Who else could bend the shape of *time itself* to ensure he is *never* defeated again?

Who else could conceive of a way to turn his *worst enemies* into his *greatest strength?*

Who else...

...but *Doom?*

My force-fields will protect us from--

No, Susan. They won't.

They never have.

Time travel helped you this time-- it won't next time. There shall be no escape, no hope.

And should you somehow *cheat* this fate...

...then all you will have accomplished is to make Doom *stronger*. What secrets will you reveal to me next time, pray tell?

ZRAKKK!

Shall we *begin again* and *find out?*

I can feel myself *ending* under Doom's terrible magic.

Space-time is *tearing itself apart,* reconfiguring-- and I'm surprised to discover it's *loud*, like *metal* screeching against *metal.*

KCHREEEEEEEK!

That noise is all I can hear over the pain. Johnny, Ben, Reed-- they all look to me...

KCHREEEEEEEK!

...and then *Johnny,* deliberately, looks to the *sled.*

In an instant, I see what he's trying to say. The one thing Doom hadn't expected this time was our *Time Sled*. If it could go *back*-- survive the *reset*--

KTHREEEEEEEK!

--then it represents our *first* chance--and our *only* chance--to warn ourselves the *next* time around.

I can only hope that I--

ROSEN

KTHREEEEEEK!

I--

ROSEN

ARIZONA. EARLIER.

The farmhouse of the Fantastic Four.

But you liked fried eggs last week, Jo.

I no longer stand by that assessment, Mother! These Earth eggs no longer meet my culinary standards!

Then why did ya *ask* for so many?!

I'll eat 'em.

Not if I eat 'em first, Nicki, *right off his plate.*

Nooo!

Coffee on!

Hey, anyone else want more coffee? I can bring in the pot.

I'll take some, thanks.

Coffee on!

As if our plans ta take down *Doc Doom* today ain't enough ta wake *anyone* up.

"Johnny Storm, Johnny Storm has the power to make things warm. Can he heat up some coffee? Yes, he can, easily. Hey now, we all love Johnny Storm!"

CHAKA BOOOOM!

Huh?

Uh...

...guys??

CONTINUED NEXT MONTH!

Fantastic Four Fan Page

Boy, when we make a mistake, it's a doozy! As a bunch of you pointed out, causing my face to grow redder and redder, we muffed up last issue's creator credits on the recap page. Rather than crediting Victor Olazaba for his sharp inks, we instead listed him as the color artist! Whereas the actual virtuoso of hues, Edgar Delgado, was given credit as the cover artist --Edgar did color the cover, but it was illustrated by Humberto Ramos! Of course, this all had to happen in our very first issue with our new art squad, where absolutely everybody could see it! So apologies all around to our excellent creators--I can't say that it'll never happen again, because knowing us, it's likely to. But hopefully, my own unhappiness about it makes you guys feel just a little bit better about the whole thing.

Hello, FF team,

This is my first time writing a fan letter, and my main reason for writing is simply to say thank you.

I was in a very difficult place in January 2025. By chance, I stumbled across a FANTASTIC FOUR comic. I had never read comic books before and thought I never would. But it was love at first sight. The issue I found was #25. I loved the art, the story, the characters, the Fan Page --I loved everything about it. So I started reading more. Suddenly, I had something to look forward to every day; I could go to bed happy and wake up happy again.

I read through the current run, then read all the issues again--and again. Then I went back and read through past runs. My love for the Fantastic Four only deepened. And with that, my world brightened. Fast-forward to the first of May, I can say with absolute honesty that I haven't felt this happy and content in years. And I need to thank you for that. Thank you for all the fantastic stories!

X. Xu
China

Aw, it's our pleasure, X! Glad we could make your days a little bit brighter!

Dear FF team,

Longtime reader here (since issue #160, Arkon!). I wanted to thank you for producing a wonderful and truly enjoyable comic book. I appreciate the references to Chesterton's fence (issue #26) and Polyxena (issue #27) that add value to the story by introducing readers to concepts and ideas that they might not have known before. Reminds me of my early days reading comics where I would look up words I did not know in the dictionary! Keep up the great work, it is much appreciated.

Zvi Ron
Neve Daniel, Israel

We've got to be honest, Zvi. We don't dare edit one word of Ryan's scripts because half the time, we're not sure just exactly what scientific principle he's talking about! And we're certain that if we do change anything, it'll cause the paper to explode!

Dear Marvel,

I am writing in to comment not on any one issue of FANTASTIC FOUR. Nor am I commenting on its writing, artwork, plot-handling, etc. Instead, I am writing to congratulate you on your handling of the Fantastic Four Fan Page!

You see, I absolutely love that not only have you brought back the letters page in recent years, but you also will publish letters that both praise and criticize the storylines. Unlike a certain Emerald, Effervescent Epitome of Endo- and Exoskeletal Energy, you actually will print letters from people that don't like a plotline, character handling, or artwork. I have read 60+ letters pages in recent years of the aforementioned Energetic, Uneven Tempered One, and with the exception of one very recent, polite request for a character attribute to return, not one part of any of those letters has been at all critical. They all have essentially suggested that these are the best stories written since the invention of paper!

I have been a comic book collector for nearly 42 years now, and, when letters pages were a given on nearly every issue of every title, many of those pages did have disagreements and criticisms. While some were more well thought-out and versed than others, and I would sometimes find myself not appreciating some of those harsh words over a story that I felt was masterfully handled, the fact still remained that they were printed. And I'm glad they were! The letters page is a forum for all to participate in, whether they loved a story, hated it or anywhere in between! This sort of thing has been largely missing in recent years, and I feel that the lack of any criticism whatsoever defeats the purpose of a letters page.

Thank you again for not only having a letters page in FANTASTIC FOUR, but also having the humility to print some limited lambasting from fans who haven't liked the stories (or at least parts of them).

Rand Roemele

Given the fact that we can't even get our own credits right, Rand, this seems like the very least we can do!

I liked the issue, but it would have been nice if you referenced which issue of MARVEL TWO-IN-ONE shows that one member of the FF losing their powers meant the rest of the team does too.

Kyle Weaver

Come now, Kyle, every good Marvelite is well aware that this development took place in MARVEL TWO-IN-ONE (2016) #3, courtesy of Canada's favorite son, Chip Zdarsky!

Tom B
6/23/25

As always, if you've got an opinion to share, you can e-mail it to us at MHEROES@MARVEL.COM. Be sure to mark your letters as "Okay to Print!" if you'd like to see them featured here on the Fan Page!

#3

Next

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